Nath. Me hercle, If their ſonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. *Perſon*.

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſtre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege Domine*.

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, That Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome prayſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apoſtrophas, and ſo miſ
Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but fo
cy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: O
was the man. And why indeede *Naſo*, but for ſme
odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuentio
nothing: ſo doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape
the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*,
rected to you?

Iaqu. I ſir, from one Mounſier *Berowne*, one o
Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lad
will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for
tion of the partie written to the perſon written vnt
Your Ladiſhips it all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the
the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſe
ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the
greſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete
Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern
not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, aduc.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God
ouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colou
But to return to the verſes, did they pleaſe you ſir *N*

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certa
mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to
table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I h
parents of the forſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake
nuto, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be ver
neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuentio
your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith t
happineſſe of life.